

Parvus ubi sacro cippus tegit ossa sub
 antro.
 Sepe tamen caros fontes circumvolat
 umbra,
 Et nunc forte levis (ne sit pavor) sethere
 ludit.
 Dumque calore liques, variis te ventiliat aë,
 Sic grates persolvit—Abi jam, vive valeque.¹

TO MRS. SWINBURNE.

London, January
 1792.

I left Sir Thomas in good health and
 spirits
 and fatter than ever. We talked a
 good deal
 about the plantations, and had fine
 weather.

The following is a free translation of the
 above, which,
 we fear, would not have gained for its author a
 corner in the
Musæ Etonenses;

Stranger, that to these groves and to this
 fount
 May haply wander, let their former lord
 Claim thy heart's silent orison; for he
 By this translucent stream, mid Nature's
 charms,
 Sweetly bewildered, or with willing step,
 Led by the gentle Muse, was wont to stray.
 Oft have I seen him, whilst Ms sparkling
 eye
 Dwelt with fond pride on Ms paternal
 home,
 Curb the wild wave, or through the thorny
 brake
 Direct the devious path, or o'er the hill
 Spread the oak's leafy honours, and in
 thought
 Enrich his grandsons. Now his wearied
 head
 Softly reposes where this sheltering vale
 Marks in its sacred cave, on sculptured
 stone,
 The short memento of mortality.
 Yet hovering oft, o'er scenes thro' life
 beloved,
 His spirit dwells, and gratefully around
 Thy sunburnt temples pours its cooling
 balm,
 And through the pensive foliage sighs—Adieu
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